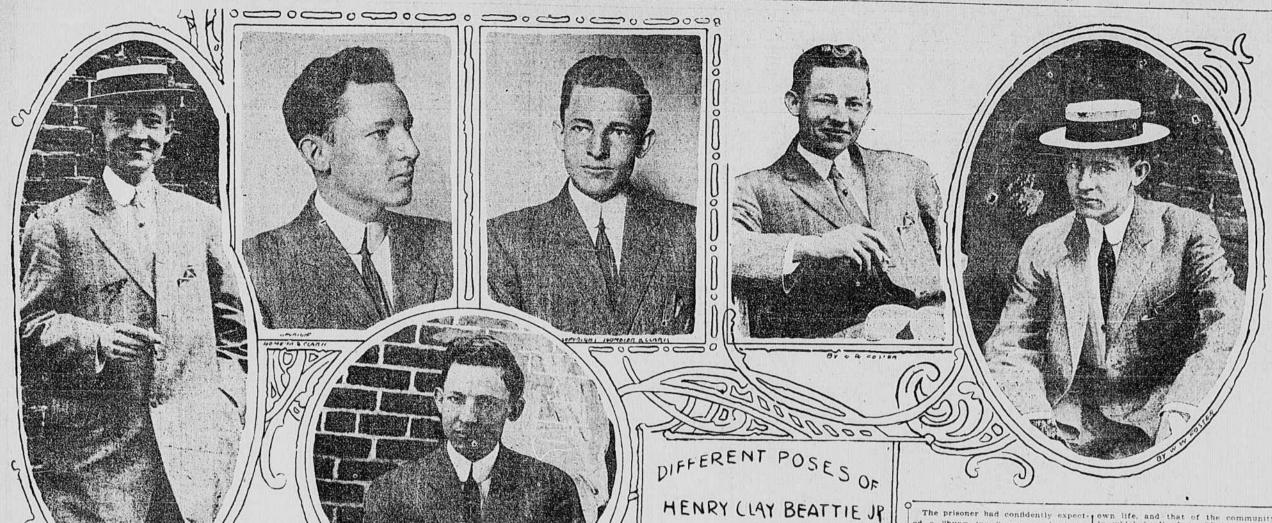
Judge Watson Promptly Denies Motion for New Trial



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The prisoner had confidently expected a "hung jury," not acquittal nor
conviction. The court requested the
audience not to manifest its approval
or disapproval, whatever the verdict
"And what is your verdict?" asked
Judge Watson, turning again to Foreman Burgess.
"Guilty," answered Burgess, but his
voice was swelled by the shout of
eleven others.

"The court," said Judge W

WORDS RANG LIKE SHRIEK THROUGH CROWDED ROOM

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half-hour the defense had toppled again. In an hour the sands of Beattle's hope were running fast; by sunset there could be no question of the result. No more terrible excortation of a prisoner has been heard in any court; no more terrible excortation of a prisoner has been heard in any court; no more terrible excortation of a prisoner has been heard in any court; no more terrible and destructive onslaught upon sentiment and alleged fact. The State'r attorney was merciless, When he had battered the carefully built structure into an unrecognizable mass, he turned his attention to the felon himself. In language bitter and stern he painted the bloody scene upon the lonely pike and hurled the charge upon the boy before him. So fierce was his attack that counsel, springing to their feet, demanded that the court intervence. But the court could not. Nothing could halt the determined prosecutor, and he spoke to the end as he had begun—and swept all before him. Had it, needed any word but its own, the jury found it here. When Wendenburg finally dropped into his seat there was no longer doubt of the Issue.

Jury Reitres With Case.

It was done. The trial was at an end at last, and the crucial moment had come, after days and weeks of waiting. A great hush fell over the room. All eyes were on Beattle now. The prisoner leaned forward, nervously picked up two letters and laid them down again. Then he yawned and smiled. Beside him sat with seamed and anxious face the gray-haired father, clinging desperately to a last hope. The old man suddenly bent and threw an arm about his son's shouiders whisperima was a mother was an arm about his son's shouiders whisperima was a mother was an any hose life by side. Side directed sharply while a deprint of the feet of the room and threw an arm about his son's shouiders whisperima was a mother was a mother than the feet of the room and the feet of hajf-hour the defense had toppled pouring behind them through windows again. In an hour the sands of Boat- and doors. Every movement of the

father, clinging desperately to a last hope. The old man suddenly bent and threw an arm about his son's shoulders, whispering a word of encouragement into his car.

By direction of the court, the sheriff escorted the jury to the lawn for a brief rest in the fresh air before they went into the stuffy epstairs conference

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PAUL BEATTIE.